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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

HAWTHORNDEN.



CASTLE AND MANSION OF HAWTHORNDEN, IN EDINBURGSHIRE.

THE Castle and Mansion of Hawthornden, in Edinburghshire, is situated on a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, on the banks of the North Esk, not far from Roslyn Castle*. Its architecture is very massive, particularly that of the keep; and in former times, before the invention of gunpowder, the edifice was capable of resisting the attacks of a hostile force for a considerable time. During the frequent affrays that occurred in the turbulent times of border warfare, it became at times a place of temporary refuge. The rock on which the mansion itself is built contains many singular caverns, which have been excavated in the substance of the stone. The entrance to these caverns is in the perpendicular side of the

precipice, at a great height from the surface of the water. There is a descent of twenty-seven steps cut on the face of the rock, and from the lowest of these, a board, about five or six feet in length, is laid, so as to reach the last of eight other steps, at the top of which is the mouth of the caverns. In the courtyard there is a well of great depth, which is pointed out to visitors as communicating with one end of the gallery in which many of the excavations are situated, so that the inmates of these caverns could not only draw water for themselves, at pleasure, but could be supplied with food from above by means of the bucket.

Dr. Stukeley, in his *Itinerarium Curiosum*, has given a plan of these caverns. He calls the excavations,

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. VIII., p. 207.

the King of Pictland's Castle, or palace. Within the entrance of the cave, on the left-hand side, cut in the rock, is a long and narrow passage, to which you ascend by two steps; its length is seventy-five feet, and its breadth six; this is called the King's Gallery; and near the upper end of it, likewise cut in the rock, is a narrow dungeon, called the King's Bedchamber. Most of the remaining caverns which are represented in Dr. Stukeley's plan, are at present either unknown or inaccessible; we must not, however, omit to notice one, called the Cypress Grove, wherein it is said the poet Drummond, who lived in the time of James the First, composed his verses; it is seven feet by six, and five and a half in height. Sir Walter Scott says, the ancient excavations, there can be no doubt, from their amazing strength and difficulty of access, have been occasionally used by thieves and robbers, and sometimes by those who have stood forward to annoy the enemies of their country. When the English were masters of Edinburgh, in 1338, one Alexander Ramsay, with a chosen company of resolute young men, concealed themselves in the caves of Hawthornden, and issuing thence as fortuitous circumstances occurred, attacked small parties of the English, and plundered their quarters, spreading terror to the very gates of Edinburgh. This happened in the reign of David the Second. Ramsay, by his valour and successes, secured the favour of his king, but having offended William Douglas, the knight of Liddesdale, by accepting the office of sheriff of Tiviotdale, which Douglas then held, the latter dragged him from his judgment-seat, and, immuring him in his castle of Hermitage, suffered him to perish with famine.

In the reign of King Robert the Second of Scotland, Hawthornden, together with considerable estates in the neighbourhood, were confirmed by charter to Sir William Douglas of Strabrook, and they remained in that name and family for more than two hundred years. In 1598 they were purchased by Sir John Drummond, father of the celebrated poet and historian, who, in addition to his literary merits, was an excellent mechanic; no less than fifteen or sixteen of his inventions were patented by Charles the First.

The family of Drummond reckons among its ancestry the beautiful Annabella Drummond, consort of Robert the Third, and mother of James the First. There is accordingly preserved at Hawthornden, a sideboard, said to have belonged to that royal pair. It is about six feet in length and three in breadth; its top consists of a dark marble plate, the legs and sides are richly and curiously carved, and it has in various parts the initials of the owners, R. S., A. D. Among the curiosities is also a singular walking-stick of large size, with a crook at one end and a pike at the other; this is said to have belonged to the celebrated duchess of Lauderdale.

At Hawthornden, Drummond entertained for some time as his guest, the poet Ben Jonson, who, at the age of forty-five, walked from London to enjoy the company of his friend; no slight undertaking in those days, considering the state of the roads and the wild manners of the borderers.

The death of Drummond occurred on the 4th of December, 1649; it is said to have been hastened by grief for the fate of Charles the First, with whom he was an especial favourite: the unhappy monarch was put to death on the 28th of January, 1648.

The poems of Drummond evince great genius, but they are rather too abstruse and quaint for modern readers. The following seems to have been written in contemplation of the necessity of leaving his favourite retreat.

Dear wood! and you sweet solitary place,
Where I, estranged from the vulgar, live
Contented more with what your shade me give,
Than if I had what Thetis does embrace;
What snaky eye grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
The sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were my own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' statelier courts.

It is no small happiness to attend those from whom we may receive precepts and examples of virtue.—BISHOP HALL.

I CANNOT tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, and an elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having past that general visitation of God, who saw that all that He had made was good, that is, conformable to His will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty.—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

THE extraordinary interest which Dr. Clarke took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of gypsies may in some measure be accounted for from the following anecdote. At the period spoken of, his eldest brother was residing with his relations at Chichester, and as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from seeing many persons at his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander alone in the neighbourhood, guarded only by a favourite dog, called Keeper. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing;—search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last, his old nurse, who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in a remote and rocky valley above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him. The boy, it seems, had taken care to secure their good-will with some victuals which he had brought from his mother's pantry; and they, in return, had been exerting their talents for his amusement. Many of the stories which he thus obtained were treasured with great delight in his memory, and often brought out, as occasion served, for the amusement of his rustic audience.—OTTER'S *Life of Clarke*.

THE same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen. They find an advantage, too; for it is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare. If such persons can answer the ends of relief and profit to themselves, they are apt to be careless enough about either the means or the consequences.—BURKE.

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERSITY.—It is good for man to suffer the adversity of this earthly life: for it brings him back to the sacred retirement of the heart, where only he finds he is an exile from his native home, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly enjoyment. It is good for him also to meet with contradiction and reproach: and to be evil thought of, and evil spoken of, even when his intentions are upright, and his actions blameless: for this keeps him humble, and is a powerful antidote to the poison of vain-glory: and then chiefly it is that we have recourse to the witness within us which is God; when we are outwardly despised, and held in no degree of esteem and favour among men. Our dependence upon God ought to be so entire and absolute, that we should never think it necessary, in any kind of distress, to have recourse to human consolations.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

THE first duty of a wise advocate is to convince his opponents that he understands their arguments and sympathizes with their just feelings.—COLERIDGE.

THE JEWELS.

A TRADITION OF THE RABBINS.

THE celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath-day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and I did not see them there." She reached to him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked,—"Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a glad and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:—"Rabbi, with thy permission, I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago, a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.—"Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; "my sons, the light of mine eyes and the light of my understanding; I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law." The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length, she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me, that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be his name for thy sake too; for well it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

[Tradition of the Rabbins, translated by COLERIDGE.]

IF I were to venture any advice, in any case, it would be my best. The sacred duty of an adviser (one of the most inviolable that exists) would lead me, towards a real enemy, to act as if my best friend were the party concerned.—BURKE.

INFIDELITY and FAITH look both through the same perspective-glass, but at contrary ends. Infidelity looks through the wrong end of the glass; and, therefore, sees those objects near, which are afar off, and makes great things little,—diminishing the greatest spiritual blessings, and removing far from us threatened evils: Faith looks at the right end, and brings the blessings that are far off in time close to our eye, and multiplies God's mercies, which, in a distance, lost their greatness.—BISHOP HALL.

CAN there be anything so worthy of our warmest wishes as to enter on an eternal, unchangeable state, in blessed fellowship and communion with those whose society we valued most, and for the best reasons, while they continued with us?—COWPER.

WHEN any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—DR. JOHNSON.

IDLENESS.

WE know of no more fertile source of crime,—of no corrupt fountain, which wells out a more copious stream of vice and moral pollution, in all its forms and modifications, than *idleness*. We are persuaded that it is the parent of a more numerous progeny of depraved habits and delinquencies, than any other single circumstance whatever. It is the want of a due impression of the importance and legitimate employment of time, which is one of the main occasions of the luxury and profligacy of one order of society; and it is the same cause which vitiates and defiles the manners of another, and a subordinate rank in the scale. It is inquired by an ancient poet, who was a keen and accurate observer of human character, why Ægisthus so grievously and wantonly deviated from the path of virtue? and he immediately rejoins the reply,—“The cause is obvious,—he was idle!” And it is a circumstance worthy of remark, that when Hogarth, who is so celebrated for his striking delineations of human life and manners, wished to give a portraiture of a veteran criminal, he made him commence his career as a boy lolling on the tombstones of the churchyard on the Sunday.—DAVIES.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken seemed,
Still, but with nought of gloom.
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of heaven-recorded love.
Pure fell the beam and meekly bright
On his gray holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there.
But, oh, that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far;
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.
Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye,
Some ancient promise breathing yet
Of immortality.
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said, "I know
That my Redeemer lives."
And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent, yet did not each young heart
With love and reverence melt;
Oh blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt.—MRS. HEMAN

ANIMALS.

THE sounds uttered by every animal when not excited by pain, fear, or anger, are expressive of the pleasure it takes in its existence, and the enjoyments that accompany it, and are a kind of return of *thanks* and *praise* for those enjoyments. Man, as being of a higher order, has the perception of all these, as well as of all the beautiful and wonderful works of his Creator. He knows what and whom to attribute them to, and he feels, or ought to feel, the enjoyment of them, and the thankfulness which that enjoyment should inspire him with. His reason is given him to exalt what in animals is only excited by instinct. These, and the benevolence from which they must naturally proceed, are the feelings which are intended for man, but which he is too apt to pervert into passions, which tantalize his nature and spread misery and devastation among his fellow creatures.—DANBY.

POPULAR ERRORS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

III.

AMONG all the superstitious practices which have imposed on mankind, perhaps the use, or rather misuse, of the *divining-rod*, has been continued to a later date than that of most others. In Europe, we believe, it is now seldom, if ever, employed; but in some parts of America great confidence is still placed in its virtues.

The divining-rod is commonly in the form of a forked stick, which, when grasped in both hands, is supposed, by spontaneously turning in the hands



of the operator, to indicate the presence of water, metals, or hidden treasure beneath the surface of the earth. Sometimes a simple stick, like that represented below, was used, usually for the purpose of ascertaining whether a party possessed the power of



causing the rod to turn; for, after all, the property seems to have been attributed to the holder more than to the stick, since with many no movement whatever took place. To ascertain the possession of this faculty, the stick was laid flat on the hand, as in the engraving, and the hand passed over a vessel of water; when, if the stick showed the least indication of motion, the holder was supposed to possess the requisite faculty.

The fallacy of this test of the presence of water or metal, would hardly need refutation, if it were not for the purpose of explaining in what manner the deception arose; for this was not always that of the operator, he himself being as frequently deceived as otherwise.

Some writers have recommended two slender hazel sticks, about two feet and a half in length, to be tied together by packthread, or any other vegetable substance. It was once much used in Cornwall, and a writer on the mines and minerals of that county, a believer in the virtues of the divining-rod, gives the following directions for its use:—

"The rod being properly held by those with whom it will answer, when the toe of the right foot is within the semi-diameter of the piece of metal* or other subject, sought to be discovered by the use of the rod, it will be repelled towards the face, and continue to be so, while the foot is

* This alludes to a piece of metal placed under the foot for the purpose of experiment.

kept from touching, or being directly over the subject, in which case, (that is, when the foot is over the object,) it will be sensibly and strongly attracted, and be drawn quite down. The rod should be firmly and steadily grasped; for when it has begun to be attracted, if there be the least imaginable jerk, or opposition to its attraction, it will not move any more till the hands are opened and a fresh grasp taken. The stronger the grasp, the livelier the rod moves, provided the grasp be steady and of an equal strength. When the rod is drawn down, the hands must be opened, the rod raised by the middle fingers, a fresh grasp taken, and the rod held again in the manner described.

A little practice by a person in *earnest* about it, will soon give him the necessary adroitness in the use of the instrument.

If the mind be occupied by doubts, reasoning, or any other operation that engages the animal spirits, it will divert their powers from being exerted in this process; from hence it is that the rod constantly answers in the hands of peasants, women, and children, who hold it simply, without puzzling their minds with doubts or reasonings.

Water, it appears, was to be discovered by rods formed of any kind of wood, but hazel was considered the best for the discovery of metals. A careful perusal of the above directions will, we think, readily suggest the cause of the deception: in the first place, complete confidence in the virtues of the rod must be possessed by the operator; the mind must not be puzzled with doubts or reasonings. A man possessing a full faith in its power, will readily fancy, after moving a short distance, that he feels some indication of motion in the rod; unwilling to be deceived, he grasps the rod more firmly to prevent this movement,—the tendency to point to the earth increases,—he exerts his whole power to restrain it, but the more firmly he opposes the motion the less able is he to prevent it,—he becomes satisfied of its powers, and relates his experience to others.

The cause of this appearance of resistance to his efforts is more readily understood by experiment than explained by words. Let any slender stick, say a pen or a skewer, be held tightly in the hand, in the same manner as one of the arms of the divining-rod, as shown in the engraving, so that the stick shall be parallel to the horizon; then take a firmer hold by gripping it tightly, and it will be seen, that, although little alteration is produced in the direction of the first and index finger, the third and little finger deviate greatly from their original directions, and this deviation forces the extreme end of the stick downwards, and the more firm the grasp, the more will it be forced from its original position.

In America, the employers of the rod profess not only to discover water, but also to ascertain the depth at which it is to be found, but, unfortunately for their theory, their method of proceeding involves so ridiculous an absurdity, that it cannot be accepted by any reasonable mind. To discover the depth they proceed in this manner. Having pointed out the spot beneath which water is said to be, the diviner, rod in hand, moves from a distance towards this spot, but stops as soon as the slightest effect is produced on his rod; he then marks the place, and the distance from this mark to the spot is supposed to indicate the depth at which the water is to be found.

The absurdity of this rule consists in this, that, if the fact were true, it would show that the attractive power of the water for the rod was increased instead of diminished as the distance became greater, a supposition contrary to all reason.

Sir Walter Scott has not failed to expose and ridicule the knavery of these pretended Diviners, and the folly of their dupes, in his tale of *The Antiquary*.

It is hardly necessary to say, that well-conducted experiments have proved the utter fallacy of the imaginary powers of the divining-rod, even in the hands of the most clever impostors, or of the most sincere of the deluded believers in its virtues.

THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;

The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

I AM never so happy as when I am strolling on the bank of some clear and beautiful stream in a fine Spring day: the scenery, the birds and flowers, all add to my pleasure. I like to see the "glittering streamlet play," and to hear "the prattle of the purling rill," as Thomson calls the sound made by a brook as it passes over a bed of pebbles—

..... The little brook
That o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung.

No one appears to have appreciated the charms of the country more than Horace. In his beautiful ode in praise of a country life, he details the pleasures to be derived from it, in a manner which shows how capable he was himself of enjoying its attractions. He describes how happy the man must be who cultivates his own land, prunes and engrafts his fruit-trees, or sees his lowing cattle in some lonely vale, and stores his honey, and shears his sheep, and gathers in his fruits.

I am apt to dwell on the charms of the country, because so much of my own happiness is derived from it, and because I am persuaded that so many others might enjoy the same pleasure. The mere act, however, of living in the country, will not be sufficient; there must be a decided fondness for the occupations it affords: visiting the cottages of the peasantry, and relieving their wants, is one of these. The cultivation of flowers should not be neglected, as it is another of the resources which makes a country life agreeable, and affords a pleasure which is not only inexhaustible, but is one of the most fascinating kind. To this may be added the study of natural history, which alone is sufficient to keep the mind employed, and prevent the day from becoming dull or tedious. It is a study also calculated to make us wiser and better, as the more we contemplate the works of creation, the more reason we shall have to entertain a deep sense of Almighty power and goodness;—

For God is paid when man receives—
To enjoy is to obey.—POPE.

Those persons to whom the employment of their minds is irksome, and who gradually lose their intellectual powers, because they will not take the pains of exerting them, will be incapable of appreciating the pleasures and benefits to be derived from a well-regulated life, passed in the country. Those, however, who are willing to try the experiment, may be assured that it will be their own fault if their time is not both usefully and agreeably employed: they will become cheerful and instructive companions, kind and humane in their dispositions, and have their moral character improved and made more fit for that great change which, sooner or later, must happen to us all.

I cannot refrain from quoting what an elegant writer* has said on the subject in question.

* SEED.

"We are affected with delightful sensations when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers and fields, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure—if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness in the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creation happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures—if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness."

Under almost every circumstance of disquietude or of solitude, alone in one's room, or wandering far away from the haunts of mankind, a lover of Nature has always something around him not only to occupy his thoughts, but to afford him gratification and pleasure. When I say pleasure, I mean that pleasure which arises from the occupation of the mind when devoted to a delightful study, and which cheers us with the conviction that our time is not unprofitably spent. As we proceed in the contemplation of the works of Nature, her beauties are gradually unfolded to our view, as if she were pleased that her works had excited our wonder and admiration; the study of them is, indeed, unbounded, for the objects she presents to our notice are infinite, unceasing, and delightful.

I was pleased at an observation made to me lately by a nurseryman. He said that he thought it impossible that any one could entertain atheistical notions, who studied the nature of plants, and observed the different uses for which they were designed by a benevolent Creator, according to the nature of the different climates in which they are found. He showed me the pitcher-plant†, which flourishes only in very hot countries. Its tube is about as long again as the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, and is filled with an aqueous fluid. This supplies water for birds, and is admirably adapted for the purpose. The cactus tribe‡ grow in hot sands, and afford both food and water, and we generally find that, according to the wants of man and animals in different countries, food best adapted for their use is bountifully supplied.

There is an extreme sensibility in the tendrils of vines, and they afford another proof how admirably Nature has adapted everything to fulfil the purpose for which she designed it. Without this extreme sensibility of the tendrils, the vine would fall to the ground, and its fruit would not ripen. As the shoot grows, the tendrils are thrown out, and at the end of each there is a little hook. As soon as this fastens upon anything, the tendril twists itself about it, turning round and round, till it has completely contracted itself. The moisture which occasioned its flexibility then recedes, and it becomes hard. Its tenacity is then so great, that it requires some effort to disengage it. The two first tendrils which the branch, or shoot of a vine throws out, are, I observe, much stronger than the subsequent ones.

I watched this Summer the shoot of a vine, which

† See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. II., p. 159.

‡ Ibid., Vol. II. p. 204.

came across one of the windows of my house. At first only two strong tendrils appeared. The second came in contact with the glass, and though it had nothing on which it could lay hold, its mere friction against the glass occasioned it to distort itself till it became like a piece of knotted twine. The other tendril had nothing which it could touch, but I observed that it altered its position every day, turning itself about, as if seeking for an opportunity of fulfilling the use for which it was designed. If I held a stick against it for a short time, it was evidently affected by it, and this was seen by a change in its previous position.

These details may appear trifling, but I cannot consider them as such. They are facts and circumstances in the economy of Nature which prove that nothing was made by chance, or for ends not 'admirable.'

Vines which are not trimmed till March, bleed much, and will continue to do so until the leaf is fully expanded. It is remarkable, that, although this is the case while the trees are leafless, yet lop them as much as you please when the foliage is out, and they will not shed one drop. Dr. Hales was not acquainted with this circumstance when he cut off a large bough from his vine late in the Spring, and it was fortunate for science that he was not. His solicitude for his vine, and his various attempts to stop the effusion of the sap, led him, step by step, to many expedients, which, by degrees, brought on abundance of curious experiments, and ended in that learned publication known by the name of *Vegetable Statics*. This work has done much honour to its author, and has been translated into many modern languages.

The culture of Virgil's vines corresponds very exactly with the modern management of hops. For instance, in the perpetual diggings and hoeings, in the tying to the stakes and poles, in pruning the superfluous shoots, &c. and the alleys between the rows of hops are harrowed sometimes with a small triangular harrow, drawn by one horse, and guided by two handles.

It is interesting to compare the customs of the ancients with those of modern times. Cottagers are in the habit of striking a brass pan, to make a noise when their bees are swarming. So it was when Virgil wrote his fourth Georgic,—

And ring the tinkling brass, and sacred cymbals sound.

[Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.]

THERE is a virtuous fear, which is the effect of faith; and there is a vicious fear, which is the product of doubt. The former leads to hope as relying on God, in whom we believe: the latter inclines to despair, as not relying on God, in whom we do not believe. Persons of the one character fear to lose God; persons of the other character fear to find Him.—PASCAL.

IN philosophy, where truth seems doubly-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motions from the epicycle of my own brain; by these means I leave no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors.—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

OUR fathers have descended to the grave before us,—ourselves are following them to the tomb: our children and our kindred shall mourn for us, and shall be lamented in their turn by others; and so the stream of Time rolls on, bearing the successive generations of man to the ocean of Eternity, till the day of our immortality dawn, and we shall all, all, live again, from the first man who lost us an earthly paradise, to the last infant of the last of his descendants. These are the anticipations, the sure prospects of a Christian.—TOWNSEND.

HISTORICAL CHARACTERS*.

No. II.

LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground,
Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS pious, accomplished, and munificent heiress of the Cliffords was born at Skipton Castle, on the 30th of January, 1589. She was the daughter and only surviving child of Henry, fifth earl of Cumberland, and nearly related to the royal family of England, by the marriage of her grandfather with the niece of Henry the Eighth.

Under the eye of her good and amiable mother, Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, she enjoyed every advantage which precept and example could afford, and no daughter was ever more sensible of the obligations which she owed to maternal care. She never, indeed, throughout her long life spoke of this parent but in terms of enthusiastic veneration for her virtues and talents, and usually with the epithet of *my blessed mother*.

So much did she revere the memory of this excellent parent, that after her death, which took place in 1616 (when the subject of this sketch had become, by marriage, Countess of Pembroke), she erected a pillar on the road between Penrith and Appleby, with a suitable inscription, to commemorate their last interview, and left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor on that spot annually for ever. Rogers thus alludes to this circumstance in his *Pleasures of Memory*:—

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued
Each mountain scene, majestically rude;
Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd;
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour;
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace?

She married, first, Richard, Earl of Dorset, to whom she was much attached, and some years after his death, which took place in 1624, she united herself to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, an union which caused her much sorrow and anxiety, as he was a nobleman profligate in his private habits, and unprincipled in his public life.

It was in her second widowhood, which commenced in 1649, that she began that career of munificence, hospitality, and utility which has thrown so much splendour and veneration round her memory. She had now the means of carrying her plans into execution; and, taking up her abode in the north, she set about the work of repairing the castles of her ancestors, with an enthusiasm which nothing could repress. The castles of Skipton, Brougham, Appleby, and Pendragon, again reared their dismantled heads, and upon each of these buildings she placed a suitable inscription, ending with a quotation from Isaiah lviii. 12;—"Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."

The liberal and munificent spirit of the Countess, however, was not confined to the restoration of her castles; she, who had frequently declared that she would not "dwell in ceiled houses whilst the house of God laid waste," was as diligent in repairing the churches, as the fortified mansions of her ancestors. It is said that not less than seven of these ecclesiastica,

* See "The Countess of Pembroke," p. 14.

structures rose from their ruins under her care and direction. She also endowed two hospitals, and might be considered, indeed, as through life, the constant friend and benefactress of the industrious poor.

With these pleasing features of charity, philanthropy, and beneficence, was mingled an uncommon share of dignity and firmness of spirit; for whilst she conversed with her almswomen as her sisters, and with her servants as her humble friends, no one knew better how, in the circle of a court, or the splendour of a drawing-room, to support their due consequence and state; and with dauntless independency of mind she could repel the encroachments of corrupt power.

She died on the 22nd of March, 1676, in the eighty-eighth year of her age, and was buried, by her express desire, by the side of her beloved mother, in the church of Appleby. Dr. Rainbow, Bishop of Carlisle, preached her funeral sermon from that very appropriate text in the Proverbs of Solomon,—“Every wise woman buildeth her house.” He tells us that “she could discourse with virtuosses, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives in any kind; insomuch, that a prime and elegant wit, Dr. Donne, is reported to have said of this lady ‘that she knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination to sea-silk:’ meaning, that although she was skilful in housewifery, and in such things in which women are conversant, yet her penetrating wit soared up to pry into the highest mysteries. Although she knew wool and flax, fine linen and silk, things appertaining to the spindle and the distaff, yet ‘she could open her mouth with wisdom,’ and had knowledge of the best and highest things, such as ‘make wise unto salvation.’ If she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have ranked among those wits and learned of that sex of whom Pythagoras, or Plutarch, or any of the ancients, have made such honourable mention. But she affected rather to study with those noble Bereans, and those honourable women who searched the Scriptures daily; with Mary, she chose the better part, of learning the doctrine of Christ.”

THE USEFUL ARTS. No. XXXIII.

In those places where stone is abundant, the MASON supersedes the Bricklayer, and executes in that material what the latter does with bricks. But as the kinds of stone vary greatly, and require different methods of working and applying, the trade of the Mason is more varied, and demands superior skill in the commoner departments, which skill must be guided by taste and judgment when the workman is occupied on the more ornamental.

There are four principal kinds of stone used in building, distinguished by their chemical and mechanical composition, and of each of these there are numerous varieties; we shall only describe the principal.

GRANITES are rocks which have been formed by the union of three different minerals in a state of fusion; these, on cooling, have crystallized and become distinct from each other in the mass. It is on the varied proportions in which these three constituents are combined, that the colour, hardness, durability, and beauty of the various granites depend. The light-red and rose-coloured granites contain the felspar in greatest abundance and in the largest crystals; but this mineral varies in hue from the purest white to nearly black: it is the ingredient most acted on by the atmosphere; the rock, therefore, which abounds in it, though it may be more beautiful to the eye, and more easily worked at first, is not so durable as that which contains it in smaller crystals, and with a larger proportion of quartz. It is to this last-named mineral that granite owes the sparkling appearance which it presents when the sun shines on it: quartz is the hardest and most imperishable of the three minerals which form the granite-rock. The

third, mica, is distinguishable from the other two by its satiny, shining, dark hue, and is very apparent in the coarse-grained, handsome stone of our own country, brought from Cornwall.

When the felspar is replaced by another mineral called *hornblende*, the stone is of a dark-greenish hue, and the component parts are in a finer form and less distinguishable from each other. The Aberdeen granite is an example of this kind, which is more durable than the former, though not so pleasing to the eye.

Granite occurs in all the larger mountain-ranges, and in isolated masses in every country; not being a stratified rock, and being excessively hard, it is difficult to quarry and get out in manageable masses. Blasting with gunpowder is the mode usually employed in this country; the pieces detached by this means are hewn roughly into form on the spot by a small pick-axe. Aberdeen granite is quarried by cutting a deep line some yards long, and placing strong iron wedges at equal distances in this line; these wedges are struck in succession with heavy hammers till the mass splits down. This, or analogous modes, may always be employed when the rock approaches a slaty or stratified structure, as is the case with some nearly related to granite. Another method of detaching masses of rock, is by driving wooden wedges into a deep fissure, either natural or artificial; the wedges are then wetted, and the consequent expansion of the wood bursts the rock asunder.

As granite has always to be brought from a great distance to the spot where it is wanted, because its natural localities are far from the places where edifices are usually constructed, and also on account of its hardness, this rock is only used for important public buildings, such as bridges, markets, churches, &c., and not commonly even for these. London and Waterloo Bridges, Covent Garden and Hungerford markets, and the York column in Pall Mall, are instances of its use in London.

SLATE is the popular name for a variety of rocks which are sufficiently stratified in their structure to allow of their being cleaved into thin plates, a property which renders them invaluable for a variety of purposes. Slate has superseded the use of lead for covering roofs even of the largest buildings: from its lightness it is preferable to tile, but the latter being cheaper, in flat countries which do not contain rocks, but which yield brick-clay, slate in such localities is only used on the better class of houses. In mountainous countries, a slaty rock, which admits of being split thin, though not so much so as clay-slate, is used under the name of *shingle*.

Besides being employed for roofing, slate is used in large slabs to form cisterns, for shelves in dairies, for pavement, and similar purposes for which its great strength and durability, coolness, and the ease with which it can be cleaned, owing to its non-absorbing property, adapt it. The latter quality renders it also of great value as a cheap substitute for paper, in the business of education; the system of teaching in large classes in national and Sunday-schools would be greatly fettered but for the use of slates.

The principal slate-quarries in Britain are in Wales, Cumberland, and various parts of Scotland; the mode of working them is generally the same. The rock is got out in tabular masses by means of large wedges, and is then subdivided by smaller to the requisite thinness; the pieces are roughly squared by a *pick*, or axe, and sorted according to their sizes, for roofing. The largest, called *imperial*, are about three and a half feet long, and two and a half wide; the smallest average half those dimensions. When wanted for paving, &c., the large blocks are *sawn* into thinner slabs, in the same manner as stone or marble is. The slates to be used for writing on are rubbed smooth with sand.

The principal kinds of stone used in building are the LIME-STONES, or *calcareous rocks* of the geologist; of these, it would be useless to describe or enumerate more than a few. In our own country, the *Portland-stone*, so called from its principal quarries being in Portland Island, in Dorsetshire, holds the first rank, and is that almost exclusively used in London for building, and for the ornamental parts of edifices. It unites the qualities of being easily sawn and worked, when lately quarried, and of subsequently hardening by exposure to the air; it is close and even in its texture, admitting of being wrought into delicate work, and receiving a very smooth surface, which it will retain for a considerable period, though it is surpassed in durability by many other rocks. It is said that the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, was the first building in London in which this

stone was employed. St. Paul's, Westminster and Blackfriars' bridges, Newgate, and, indeed, most of the public buildings of the metropolis are examples of its use.

Bath-stone, so called from its being entirely used in the neighbourhood of that city, is softer and far less durable than the preceding. When recently quarried, it may be sawn with a toothed-saw, like timber, and can be carved with the greatest facility into the richest ornaments; hence it is often employed, and, if sheltered from the weather, is well adapted for such purposes from its rich, even, cream colour; but, though it hardens considerably by exposure, after a time, it is acted upon by the air, so as to render it very perishable. The restoration of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster, is, unfortunately, made with this stone.

The two preceding, and many others, distinguished by names according to the principal localities, as *Oxford-stone*, *Ketton-stone*, &c., belong to what geologists term the *Oolitic* formation, from the resemblance of some kinds of the rock to fishes' roe, which is observable in that we have last mentioned. They all agree in their principal qualities.

Purbeck-stone, also from Dorsetshire, is used for steps, paving, door-sills, and copings; it is coarser, harder, and less uniform in texture than the foregoing, and not, therefore, calculated for fine buildings, except for the purposes we have specified.

Yorkshire-stone resembles the last; it is used for the same purposes, but especially for paving. The greatest part of the foot-paths in the streets of London are laid with this or the preceding.

Rag-stone is obtained from quarries on the banks of the Thames, Medway, &c. It was the stone chiefly used for building in ancient London, and a great deal is still used for paving.

The lower *chalk*, which is of a gray colour, and contains masses of flint, was formerly much employed for building in the south-western counties of England; its good qualities are proved by the perfect state of many old churches in that part of the kingdom, which are known to be from seven to nine hundred years old. It is now only sparingly used in farm-buildings and cottages, but it is consumed in vast quantities to burn into lime for mortar and other purposes, and as a manure.

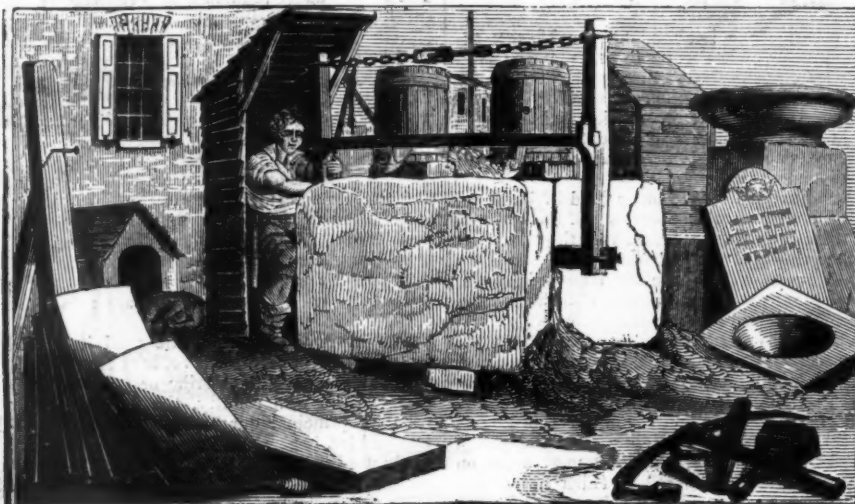
Belonging to the same family of calcareous rocks, and next in utility to those we have just enumerated, though far surpassing them in beauty and value, stand the endless varieties of *MARBLES*, essentially characterized by their crystalline texture, superior hardness, and by the absence of shells or organic remains found so abundantly in all

other limestones. The name of marble is, however, popularly given to many stones not possessing these characters, but which are hard enough to be susceptible of a high polish, and are ornamental when so treated. In this country, the finer kinds of real marble are only sparingly employed in the decorative departments of architecture, such as for chimney-pieces, slabs, hearths, capitals of columns in halls, saloons, monuments, &c. The secondary kinds are also employed for similar purposes, but more abundantly. The cold white statuary marble is not adapted for out of door use in our foggy and cloudy climate, under the influence of which it would soon become dingy and disagreeable, as is proved by the total failure in the effect of the little triumphal arch erected before Buckingham Palace. In Italy many ancient and modern edifices are faced with white marble, and in that clear and pure atmosphere, they retain the beauty of the material for ages. The use to which the finest marbles of Greece and Italy are applied in sculpture, is familiar to every one.

The last class of rocks employed in building, in those localities where they occur, are the *SANDSTONES*, *Silex*, or flint, in finely-communited particles agglutinated together, being their principal ingredient; they constitute excellent building-stone, and are abundantly used as such in the West of England.

WHATEVER may be the purpose to which the stone is to be applied, the larger blocks obtained from the quarry must be cut into smaller and more manageable pieces; this is done by *sawing*. The saw used is a long blade of steel without teeth, fixed in a heavy wooden frame, similar in principle to that which holds the finer spring-saws employed by cabinet-makers. The stone-saw, from its great size, however, requires a more powerful contrivance for drawing it to the proper degree of tension: this consists in a long screw-bolt fixed to a piece of chain, which hooks over one of the upright arms of the frame; a similar chain from the other carries a swivel-joint with a screw-nut to receive the screw: by turning the swivel by a lever, the nut on the screw draws up or tightens the chains, and that draws the blade tight which is contained between the other ends of the arms.

These huge saws are worked by one or two men, who, in London stone-yards, sit in watch-boxes to be sheltered from the sun and rain. A barrel or two filled with water, which is allowed to drop out at a tap, are mounted on the block of stone, so that the water may drip into the cut and facilitate the motion of the saw by removing some of the friction, as well as prevent it becoming hot, and so losing its temper by the same cause.



STONE-SAWYER.